

ELLEN

LESLIE.

— 1854 —

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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"It will readily be believed that Mary had many trials on this day. Three of the girls were sent home weeping and indignant, to complain that Ellen Leslie had called them by some unkind or disgraceful epithet."—Page 62.

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ELLEN LESLIE:

OR,

THE REWARD OF SELF-CONTROL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRACE AND CLARA," &c.



London:
THOMAS NELSON, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND EDINBURGH.

M DCCCXIX.

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

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ELLEN LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

“Who will be invited to your party?” asked Harriet of Anna Melville, the oldest daughter of my old friends Colonel and Mrs. Melville, who resided in the town of H., and to whom I had been making a visit of a few weeks.

Anna was a lively good-tempered girl, who wanted only two days of being twelve years old. For the last week, she had scarcely been able to speak of anything but the party which was to be given on her birth-day, and to which Harriet’s question referred.

“Who?” said Anna in reply; “oh, all the girls I know. Let me see—there are Ellen Lamar, and Lucy Liston, and Mary and Ellen Leslie—”

“Ellen Leslie!” exclaimed Emma, a younger sister of Anna, who stood near her, listening, “Ellen Leslie! why, Anna, you surely will not ask her. You know she will get into a passion with somebody before the evening is over; or even if she should not, we shall all be so much afraid of offending her that there will be no fun.”

“But, Emma, if we do not ask Ellen, Mary will not come, and you know none of us would enjoy ourselves half so much if Mary were not here.”

“No, we should not; but at any rate I will take care not to bring out my handsome doll, and my best teacups, for if Miss Ellen gets angry, she will not mind breaking them.”

Having overheard this dialogue, I felt no little curiosity to see the two sisters who were so differently regarded by their young friends.

The two days passed away slowly enough

to the expecting children ; but they did pass, and the birth-day arrived. All was bustle and preparation at Colonel Melville's. Anna superintended and directed and hurried every one, and was dressed herself an hour before the time appointed for her visitors. Among the latest arrivals were Mary and Ellen Leslie. I had seen them from the windows before they reached the house, and was much pleased with their appearance. They wore very simple white dresses, and their hair fell in natural ringlets over their shoulders, unconfined and without ornament of any kind. As they entered the parlour all the girls went forward to welcome them ; but it was easy to see that the gladness which all expressed was more for Mary than for Ellen—their greetings being made something in this way:—

“Oh, Mary! I am delighted to see you—
and Ellen too!”

PT. 4. But for the conversation between Anna and Emma Melville which I had overheard, I should not have known how to account for this difference, for Ellen was not at all

less pleasing in appearance than Mary. Indeed she would have impressed many persons more agreeably, for Mary's countenance, though very gentle, was very serious, while Ellen's was gay and animated.

All was pleasantness in the little party for about an hour, when the children were called to tea. I did not go to the table till they were seated. When I did, I saw that there was a cloud on Ellen Leslie's face, but what had caused it I could not discover. When tea was over, the various entertainments of the evening commenced. On one side of the parlour, around a table, was seated a group of girls playing what they called a historical game—that is, amusing themselves with cards containing questions and answers on historical subjects. In this game, the questions were held by one person, and the cards containing the answers were distributed equally among the rest of the players. As a question was asked, any girl who found among her cards an answer which seemed to her the correct one, read it. Sometimes two or three

would begin to read together, and so long as they could bear to be laughed at without losing their tempers, those who made the greatest mistakes, perhaps contributed most to the merriment of the party. At this game about eight or ten girls were engaged. A few others amused themselves with dissected maps, and the rest gathered together in one corner of the room with Emma's cups and saucers, baby-house and doll.

From the brightening up of Ellen Leslie's countenance when the historical cards were produced, and her evident desire to make one in that game, I had felt quite sure that she was well acquainted with its subjects, and so it proved. For some time her answers were ready and correct, while her laugh was first and loudest at the blunders made by others. At length, the questions seemed to relate to a portion of history on which Ellen was not so much at home, and once and again her answer was followed by a laugh. In the first laugh which she thus excited Ellen made a feeble effort to join, but it was very feeble. At the second

her face flushed, she looked gloomily down, and from that time, though she sat with the cards in her hands, she did not answer a question or take any part in the game. After a while some wonder was expressed that no answers could be found to several of the questions. All around the table carefully examined their cards and declared they had not got them, except Ellen, who remained silent, and held her cards without looking at them.

“Ellen, perhaps you have them,” said Anna Melville.

“You can see,” said Ellen, laying her cards down before Anna.

“Oh no !” said Anna quickly, “you look at them yourself.”

“I do not suppose I should know the answers if I saw them,” said Ellen, sulkily ; “and besides, I am tired playing,” and she rose from the table. I glanced at Mary and saw her eyes fixed on her sister with such an expression of sorrowing tenderness, that for her sake I determined to try whether I could not restore Ellen to a happier mood. I approached her with a

book of prints, and seating myself near her, drew a stand towards us and invited her to look at them with me. She looked as if she would like to refuse, but ashamed probably to do this to one so much older than herself, she contented herself with remaining sulkily silent, scarcely glancing at first at the pictures as I turned the leaves and announced the different subjects. At length, however, some anecdote I told attracted her attention. She asked a question — she smiled — she laughed aloud. Again I turned my eyes upon Mary Leslie. She was looking at me with a countenance so full of thankfulness and lit up with so sweet a smile, that I no longer wondered at her young companions loving her so tenderly.

CHAPTER II.

THE SISTERS

THE next day an old gentleman, a Mr. Villars, dined at Mr. Melville's. Mr. Vil-

lars was a widower. His wife had been a sister of Mrs. Leslie, the mother of Mary and Ellen. She had been long dead, but having never married again, he had remained much attached to her family, and having had no children of his own, he had always taken a deep interest in Mary and Ellen, petting them quite as much and perhaps scolding them a little more than their father.

“And so, Miss Anna,” said he, as he entered the parlour in which we were sitting after dinner, “you had a party last night. Pray, why was not I invited? Mary Leslie made me quite envious, I assure you, by telling me of the enjoyment you had.”

“And what did Ellen say?” asked the talkative and thoughtless Emma Melville.

“Oh, Ellen! I never mind her reports, for if they are not agreeable, I always suppose something has happened to put her out of temper. Poor child! poor child!”

This exclamation was made with deep feeling, and we were all grave and silent till Mr. Villars, turning to me said, “I

must not let you, ma'am, who are a stranger to her, suppose that our little Ellen has no good in her. She is, I assure you, a very affectionate child, and though she is so ready to fancy herself neglected or ill treated, and so quick to resent it, she is very grateful for kindness, and you have quite won her heart by your efforts to amuse her last evening."

She has been spoiled from her very birth, for her mother's health had even then begun to fail, and she was quite unequal to the management of so spirited a child, Ellen was but four years old when that gentle mother died: Mary was seven—"

"Is it possible," said I, "interrupting him in my surprise, "that there is so much difference in their ages?"

"Yes," he answered, "three years. Mary is now thirteen, though she does not look like it, and Ellen is only ten. Well, as I was about to tell you, Mary at seven was a sedate, quiet, thoughtful child, and Mrs. Leslie, when she became sensible that she could not live long, used to talk much to

her of Ellen's claims on her kindness, and dependence upon her tenderness, when she should be gone from them. She taught her to pray morning and evening that God would make her gentle and kind to her little sister, as her mother had been to them both. Mary, I am sure, has never forgotten or omitted that prayer."

"Poor Mary!" said I, "these were very sad thoughts and heavy cares for one so young."

"So they were, ma'am, and so I once ventured to tell Mrs. Leslie. Never shall I forget her reply. "Ah, brother!" said she—she had always called me brother from the time of my marriage with her sister,—“ah brother! a mother, and a mother near death, sees far more clearly the dangers of her children than any other can do. My gentle Mary has a strength of character you little dream of, and though never very gay, she will not long remain unreasonably sad; but my poor Ellen,—with a nature so affectionate that she cannot be happy unless she is loved, and a temper so passionate that she will often try the forbearance of her best friends al-

most beyond endurance,—how much suffering is before her! Do not blame me, if before I go from her, I strive to make Mary's love for her such as her mother's would have been—such as not even her faults shall be able to overcome. Mary's path through life will be smooth, she must support Ellen through her rough and thorny way." I did not feel that all this was right," continued Mr. Villars, "for I think that every one should bear the consequences of their own faults; but I could not argue with a dying woman, and I comforted myself that all would come right,—that Mary would forget all this, and scold and cross her sister, just as other elder sisters do," tapping Anna Melville playfully on the head as he spoke, "or that Mr. Leslie would control her. But I was mistaken, it has never come right. Mary, I verily believe, has never crossed Ellen's wishes in her life; and, if Mr. Leslie has ever attempted to do so, she has almost always stormed or coaxed him out of his design,—more frequently stormed, for she has not got patience enough for coaxing."

“And how does she get what she wishes from you?” asked Colonel Melville with a smile, for he knew that Mr. Villars was very indulgent to both the children.

“Why, the cunning creature,” said Mr. Villars laughing, “I will tell you how. A long time ago I repeated to her Esop’s fable of the sun and the wind, and told her, Mary was the sun and she was the wind. Then, Uncle Villars, said she, whenever I want to make you do any thing, I will send Mary to you; and she has been true to her word,—she always sends Mary.”

“And what was the fable, Mr. Villars?” asked Emma Melville.

“Why, that the sun and the wind had a great quarrel once about which was the strongest, and a traveller passing by while the quarrel was at its height, they agreed that it should be decided in favour of the one that should soonest get his cloak from him. So the wind rose in its might, and blew upon the poor traveller: but all in vain; he only wrapped his cloak more closely round him. Then the sun came

out and beamed right down upon the man brighter and brighter, and warmer and warmer: but not long; for the traveller was very soon glad to throw off his thick, heavy cloak. So the sun conquered, as kindness and gentleness, Miss Emma, always will, sooner than blustering and storming."

I saw little more of Mary and Ellen Leslie during this visit to H., and it was more than two years before I returned there again. When I did I found that great changes had taken place in the situation of these young girls. Their father had been dead for more than a year. Mr. Leslie was a merchant, and was thought quite rich even by his most intimate friends; yet when he died, and his affairs were examined, it was found that he was poor—so poor, that, after his debts were paid, his children would have nothing. But Mr. Villars it was thought would provide for them. He did take them to his house for a few months, till Mary, whose health had become enfeebled by her close attention to her father

during his long illness, grew well and strong again;—but then reports began to be whispered about that Mr. Villars had lost much of his property through Mr. Leslie—that he was in debt, and could no longer afford to live as he had done. Then it was said that he must give up his servants, that he must let or sell his house and go to board in some cheap country place. Mary and Ellen would not go with him—he would leave them in H., for he could only pay their board—they must do something for their own support, and that could best be done among their old friends. Accordingly when I came to H., I found Mr. Villars gone, his house occupied by another family, and Mary and Ellen boarding with a widow who lived in a very plain, small house, in one of the humblest streets in H., Mary, I was told, gave lessons in music to two or three pupils, and gratefully accepted any employment offered her, either of plain sewing, embroidery, or fancy work. At first, she had some day scholars, and she would probably have soon obtained a

large school, for the children were attached to her and the parents pleased with her success as a teacher, but Ellen had undertaken to assist her, and her passionate temper so often evinced itself that both parents and children were displeased, and the school was soon broken up.

“And what does Ellen do?” I asked.

“Assist her sister in the work when she can,” replied Mrs. Melville, from whom I had heard these things. “But I fear,” she added, “that she much more frequently hinders than assists her.”

“Poor Ellen!” said I, the bad name which she contracted in childhood cleaves to her, when perhaps she may be greatly changed.

“Not if we are to trust the report of Mrs. Maclean, with whom they board. She tells sad tales of Ellen’s irritability and Mary’s long-suffering.

My first visit in H. was to these children, for children they still were, though thus thrown upon the world to provide for themselves, Mary being little more than fifteen, and Ellen not yet thirteen.

The room in which I found them was small, but Mr. Villars had seen it comfortably furnished before he left them, and it was neatly kept. Their clothing, too, was comfortable and neat, though very plain. But there was on Ellen's countenance an expression of sullen gloom, and on Mary's, of sweet, yet sad resignation, which was more distressing to me than even an appearance of real want would have been. But I have learned, since that time, much more of Mary and Ellen than was then known to Mrs. Melville or any other person, and I will now tell their story from the time of their father's death.

CHAPTER III.

ORPHANS.

MARY, I have already said, had nursed her father through his long, tedious illness. She had seen him grow weaker and

weaker, and she was therefore in some degree prepared to see him die. But with Ellen it was very different. Mary always tried to save her pain. She would not let her spend much time in the sick-room; and indeed, though Mr. Leslie was a very fond father, and was always glad to see Ellen, he never wished her to remain long,—for, if she thought him very ill, she would weep so passionately that it agitated him, and if she thought him better, she would be very noisy in her gladness. Then, if she attempted to do any thing for him, she would move in such a hurried manner, that it was always awkwardly done, if she succeeded in doing it at all. Mary loved her father quite as well as Ellen, and when she saw him suffering, tears would often stream down her cheeks, yet she would keep down every sound which could call his attention to her sorrows. If he was more comfortable, you might tell it as soon as you entered the room by the bright smile upon her face, yet she never disturbed his repose by loud talking and laughing, and

though delighted when called on to serve him, she knew, that really to *serve* him, she must move very quietly. This was what is called self-control, and without it let me tell you, my young friends, that however kind your feelings may be, however good your intentions, you will never make yourselves either useful or agreeable to others. Poor Ellen! she had it not—she had never learned to control either her temper or her feelings, and you will see how sadly she suffered in consequence.

I have told you that Mary, from being much with her father, was in some degree prepared for his death, while to Ellen it was quite unexpected. They had not a tender mother left to soothe them, and when they saw their father carried out in his coffin, they might have felt that, except their kind Uncle Villars, there was no one who would care very much if they were laid along-side of him. As you grow older you will discover that persons who grieve together, who sorrow for the same things, love each other far more dearly than those who are

only glad together. I cannot very well explain to you why this is, but we all feel it,—and Mary and Ellen Leslie felt it, as they lay the night after the funeral folded in each other's arms, helpless, and but for one kind heart, friendless orphans.

Yet even then poor Ellen had a grief which was all her own. “Oh, Mary! you were never in a passion with poor papa, and said angry words to him and grieved him. Oh, dear Mary! do you think he remembers them now?”

Dear children, who read this little book, hear me and forget not my words,—this is the bitterest grief of all, to feel that you have given pain to that kind heart which is gone from you, which never can come back to hear your repentance or forgive your injustice. Save yourself from such sorrow by kindness and gentleness to your friends, and obedience to your parents while they are with you.

Mr. Villars soon removed these children from their now sad home to his smaller and humbler, but more cheerful residence. It was quite a pleasure to see his house—

everything around him was so neat, so perfectly comfortable, and all kept in order so quietly by the very best old house-keeper in the country, who had lived with him ever since his wife's death, and who thoroughly understood his ways. Mrs. Merrill was a very kind woman, and received Mary and Ellen with great tenderness, but she too had her oddities as well as Mr. Villars. Like most persons who have had little to do with children, she was constantly afraid of their getting into some trouble or mischief.

“Be very careful of the light, Miss Mary, and do not put it so near the curtains, my dear,” said Mrs. Merrill, on the second evening that Mary and Ellen Leslie had passed in their new home.

“I will be very careful, Mrs. Merrill,” said Mary with a smile.

“And Miss Ellen, I am busy just now and cannot go with you to your room, but your sister will untie your clothes, I dare say, if you ask her kindly, and I will come by-and-by, and see that they are nicely folded and put away.

“I always fold my clothes myself,” was

the somewhat ungracious reply to the good woman's well-meant offer.

As the sisters entered their room Ellen shot the bolt of her door, exclaiming, "There, we are safe from that teasing Mrs. Merrill!"

"Oh, Ellen! she is very kind, and we must not forget, my dear sister, that there are not many in the world now, who take interest enough in us to care what we do." Ellen was softened and went tearfully to bed. Mary soon followed her, and they were just comfortably arranged when some one tried to enter, and finding the door bolted, tapped.

"Who *is* that?" exclaimed Ellen impatiently.

"It is only I, Miss Ellen," answered Mrs. Merrill, "I have come to put the light out and cover you up nicely."

"The light *is* out and we *are* covered," was the peevish reply which arose above Mary's "Thank you, Mrs. Merrill, we are in bed already."

"Oh, Ellen! how could you speak so angrily, and hurt the kind old woman's

feelings." Ellen could not bear to hurt anybody's feelings, and the next moment she was out of bed, had unbolted the door, and was running barefooted through the hall, calling to Mrs. Merrill. Mrs. Merrill was half way down stairs, but she came back, hurried and alarmed, exclaiming breathlessly, "What is the matter, my dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Ellen very respectfully and penitently, "except that Mary said that I had hurt your feelings, and I am very sorry for it. I only meant to say we were in bed already."

"Hurt my feelings—oh dear, no! poor child! and did she make you get up for that," putting her hand kindly on Ellen's head as she spoke—"oh no! you did not hurt my feelings—I never mind what children say."

Ellen flirted off and jumped into bed more angry than ever, that Mrs. Merrill should have thought Mary had made her get up to speak to her, and that she should think her of so little consequence as not to mind what she said.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNRULY SPIRIT.

WE cannot give an account of half the disputes between Mrs. Merrill and Ellen which were generally reported to Mr. Villars by both parties, until he was ready to go anywhere from his hitherto quiet home, in search of peace. And yet, when the difficulties in which he had become involved through Mr. Leslie began first to be perceived, and Mr. Villars to fear that he must leave his home, it seemed dearer to him than ever. Besides, he would say to himself, as he sat thinking over the threatened changes—"What is to become of these poor children—and my old servants—and Mrs. Merrill—good Mrs. Merrill!—who, I am sure, never expected to leave me, and who is now too old to look out for new friends?" Distressed by such thoughts, it is no wonder if Mr. Villars looked sad, and sat silent for hours together. Mary had

noticed this, and it grieved her greatly, for except Ellen, there was no one now in the world whom she loved half so well as her Uncle Villars. Often did she wish that she knew the cause of his sadness. This cause she at last thought she had discovered in the differences of Ellen and Mrs. Merrill. Vainly did poor Mary try to accommodate these differences.

Mary and Ellen had walked out together one afternoon, and when they returned, laid their bonnets carelessly upon the table in the parlour. There they remained, till Mrs. Merrill came in to see the table prepared for tea. "Miss Mary, Miss Ellen, why, here are your new crape bonnets. You should always put them away as soon as you come in ; crape is very expensive, my dears, and very easily injured."

Mary rose and removed the bonnets from the table. Ellen remained seated with her head bent over a piece of paper, on which she seemed to be drawing.

"Miss Ellen," said Mrs. Merrill, "did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, Mrs. Merrill, I heard you."

“I will put both bonnets away, Mrs. Merrill,” said Mary; “I always put Ellen’s away for her.”

“Well, my dear Miss Mary, that may be very kindly meant in you, but it would be far better that your sister should learn to do without you.”

Ellen did not even look up—Mary moved towards the door, with the hope that if the bonnet was once out of sight all would be quiet, but Mrs. Merrill saw the movement, and irritated by Ellen’s disregard of what she said, she exclaimed, “Stop, Miss Mary; I am sorry to find fault with you, but I do not think it right in you to interfere, when I would have your sister learn to wait on herself. I am sure it is for her own good. I am sure it is not for my sake I take the trouble.”

Mary looked earnestly at Ellen, but the head was perseveringly bent down, and except that her face had become quite red and her pencil moved very fast, any one might have supposed that she had not heard a word of what was passing. There stood Mary, with a bonnet in each hand,

perfectly irresolute, afraid to speak to Ellen, lest she should cause her to say something saucy—afraid to oppose Mrs. Merrill, who, it was evident, was now very determined. At length she ventured to say, “Ellen is busy drawing, Mrs. Merrill.”

Before she could add another word, Ellen, who scorned to offer any apology for her inattention to Mrs. Merrill’s wishes, threw aside the paper and pencil, saying, “I am not busy at all—I was only making marks on the paper, Mary.”

“I knew it—I knew it,” said Mrs. Merrill; “you were only making marks to show me that you did not care for me.”

“Give me that bonnet, Miss Mary,” taking Ellen’s from her as she spoke, and laying it again upon the table, upon which in the meantime she had arranged everything for tea. “There—let it lie till Mr. Villars comes in. I will see if he thinks that a proper place for a young lady’s bonnet.”

Ellen smiled scornfully.

“Oh, Mrs. Merrill,” said Mary, with tears in her eyes, “do not plague poor Uncle Villars about it,” and Ellen, dear Ellen, I

am sure you would not do anything to worry our good, kind Uncle Villars. Come, dear Ellen, and take your bonnet up stairs."

"Mary, I wish you would let me and my bonnet alone. I did not ask you to take it up."

"Well—but Ellen, poor Uncle Villars looks so sad already. Do not be obstinate, dear Ellen."

"I am not going to say or do anything to Uncle Villars, Mary ; and I think it is very hard if I am to be blamed for everything—even for his looking sad."

"Oh, Ellen"—but Ellen turned away, and Mary with a heavy heart walked off with her bonnet as she saw her Uncle Villars entering. Now, any one who has read this scene will perceive that Mrs. Merrill, although she was right in the thing itself which she would have Ellen do, was very wrong in her manner of enforcing it. The only right way to govern any one is by giving them confidence in your kindly feelings towards them—by love. Now, Ellen was a spoiled child, and could not have confidence in the kindly feelings of any

one who thwarted her. Mr. Villars saw all this, and therefore he had great patience with Ellen, and generally soothed her into some concession to Mrs. Merrill ; very little would satisfy her kind spirit : and so the storm would for the time pass over. But these storms so frequently returned, that Mr. Villars felt, unless something could be done to arouse Ellen's own mind to a conviction of the evil of her temper, and a determined effort to subdue it, she must always be unhappy herself, and the cause of unhappiness to others.

One of Ellen's bad habits, and that which perhaps most materially interfered with Mrs. Merrill's comfort was late sleeping, or rather lying in bed. You may wonder that this practice should have interfered with Mrs. Merrill's comfort, as by keeping Ellen out of the way it would seem rather to promote her quiet ; but Mrs. Merrill prided herself on her orderly housekeeping, and while she was too kind to let Ellen go without her breakfast, she was greatly annoyed at having to keep the table waiting for her. A few mornings

after the scene with the bonnet, Mary having arisen as usual and dressed herself, began her efforts to arouse Ellen.

“Ellen—awake, Ellen—I hear Uncle Villars moving about in his room.”

Ellen, without speaking or opening her eyes, turned over and covered herself up more closely.

Mary spoke again, “Ellen—Uncle Villars has gone down stairs—he will ring the bell for breakfast presently.”

Ellen did not stir.

Mary touched her,—put her arm around her and tried to raise her; Ellen flounced off to the other side of the bed, exclaiming, “Mary, let me alone.”

“Oh, Ellen, jump up—there’s the breakfast bell—you know nothing puts Mrs. Merrill so much out of sorts as our being too late to breakfast with Uncle Villars.”

“I do not care for Mrs. Merrill’s being out of sorts—cross old woman.”

“But Ellen, Uncle Villars—”

“Uncle Villars does not care a pin about my getting up, if he only has you to sit by him; you know that as well as I do.”

“Well, I care, Ellen—”

“Oh do, Mary—go, and let me alone.”

Another ring of the breakfast bell hurried Mary off, exclaiming, “Make haste, Ellen, and you may get down yet before we are done—I will eat very slowly.”

The affectionate kiss with which Mr. Villars saluted Mary was followed by the question, “Where is Ellen?”

“Miss Ellen is not awake yet, I suppose, Miss Mary.”

Mary at that moment heard Ellen’s step on the floor above, and answered quickly, “Oh yes, Mrs. Merrill, she is awake and up.”

“Well,” said Mr. Villars with a good-humoured smile, “if she is up, we may hope she will soon be down.”

Mary did hope so, and she seated herself cheerfully by her Uncle Villars. The nice hot cakes and Uncle Villars’ pleasant chat made Mary forget her promise to eat slowly, until just as she was concluding her breakfast, Mrs. Merrill, approaching the door, said, “Your sister stays so long, Miss Mary, I will go and see if she wants any thing.”

“I will go, Mrs. Merrill,” said Mary, starting up; but it was too late, and she seated herself again, exclaiming, “Oh! I am so sorry.”

“Poor child,” said Mr. Villars, “you look as much frightened as if you were afraid that Ellen would be beaten. Mrs. Merrill may scold a little, but cheer up, I am sure she would not hurt Ellen for the world.”

“Oh no, Uncle Villars, I know she would not; it was not that which made me feel sorry.”

“What was it then, child?”

Mary looked down and coloured as she said, “Ellen is not used to being crossed at all, you know, Uncle Villars, it must worry you who always lived so quietly before we came.”

Mr. Villars did not see exactly what Mary was coming to, but he answered, “It has disturbed me, my dear, very much, I acknowledge, but more for Ellen’s sake than my own.”

“I have seen, Uncle Villars, how much it distressed you; and I have been think-

ing — perhaps — you had better send us away.”

Mary gave this advice slowly and hesitatingly, and as she looked up upon concluding it, her eyes were full of tears ; for Mary loved her Uncle Villars dearly, and she was old enough to know something of her own and Ellen’s situation, and to feel how sad it would be for them to be sent away from the house of their best friend to live among strangers. Mr. Villars saw the tears in Mary’s eyes, and he understood all her tender and generous thoughts, and drawing her to him he laid her head on his shoulder, and putting her hair aside, kissed her forehead, calling her, “ Dear child—dear child.” He was silent a moment, and any one who had looked closely at him would have seen that his own eyes glistened ; then he added, “ It is one of my chief sorrows, Mary, that we shall be obliged to part ; but not for the reason you think—not on poor Ellen’s account—though I sometimes hope it may be the cause of good to her.

At this moment the parlour door was

thrown open, and Ellen entered hastily. She was followed by Mrs. Merrill, neither of them wearing very placid faces. Mr. Villars, not desiring to hear the complaints on either side, rose from table, and still holding Mary's hand, said, as he gave Ellen his morning kiss, "Eat your breakfast, my dear, and then come to the library; you will find Mary there, and I have something to tell you."

CHAPTER V.

A SURPRISE.

WHEN Ellen came into the library, she was surprised to see how very grave her Uncle Villars looked. Mr. Villars did not leave her long in doubt as to what made him so. Drawing her to him, he said, "I see, Ellen, that you are anxious to know what has distressed Mary so much; it is the thought of parting with her old Uncle

—for, Ellen, my dear child, I shall have to part with you both.”

Before we attempt to describe Ellen's emotions, we must, to make them understood, tell our readers that Mrs. Merrill had more than once, when very much provoked by Ellen, hinted her conviction that Mr. Villars would not long be able to endure such an unquiet house—that he would certainly be obliged to send his nieces out to board, and that she doubted not people might be found able to curb the most unruly spirit. On such occasions, Ellen, being angry too, had valorously declared, that she was ready and willing to go anywhere to get rid of Mrs. Merrill. But we regard things very differently when they are only talked about or threatened, and when they actually come. Ellen felt now that she was neither ready nor willing to go. This, however, she was too proud to acknowledge. Tears rushed to her eyes, but she kept them back, and would have answered boldly, perhaps saucily; but as she raised her head, she again saw Mary's sad face, and the thought

that her sister was to suffer for her fault, subdued her spirit. Bursting into tears, she wept for a minute without speaking. Mr. Villars passed his hand kindly over her head, saying gently, "Poor little girl! —poor little girl!" Encouraged by this kindness, she at length exclaimed, though sobs still impeded her utterance, "Please, Uncle Villars, let Mary stay—don't send Mary away—I'm sure she is good—I can't help my bad temper—I try to do right—and if Mrs. Merrill would only let me alone, I am sure I would not trouble her; but send me away—I don't mind going—I shall be very glad to go,"—here Ellen's pride and anger were again conquering her better feelings,—“yes, I shall be very glad to go—I don't want to stay anywhere with people that don't like me”—again Ellen raised her head stiffly, and again she saw Mary, whose tears were now streaming—“but oh! Uncle Villars, let Mary stay—I know you love Mary, and she will always be good.”

Mr. Villars had not interrupted Ellen. At first he was too much surprised at the

feelings she expressed to do so, and then he continued silent, because he desired to hear all she had to say. When she stopped speaking, he said, "Ellen, do you suppose that I would send either of you away if I could help it? You are my children, now," and putting out his hand for Mary, he clasped both the weeping girls in his arms,—"both my children, and I love you both! but some of my property, as well as your father's has gone to pay his debts. They were honest debts, my dear children, and the people to whom they were owed wanted their money, and we must not regret that they have got it; but we are poor now, and we cannot continue to live as we have done. I must soon leave you to go on a journey to a distant place, with the hope of recovering some money which is due to your father's estate. I know not how long I may be gone; and even when I return I may not be able to come back to my old home, but may be obliged to look out some cheap country place where I can board for little money. To this place I shall not take you with me. I have good reasons

for not doing so. Listen to me, and I will try to make you understand these reasons. I am now an old man, and it is very probable that I may not live many years. I once hoped that when I died I should be able to leave you sufficient property to support you in the way which you have been accustomed to live; but this, I now fear, cannot be. You will be obliged to do something by which you may make money to assist in supporting yourselves. Do you remember the young girl who came to make your mourning? She not only supplies her own wants, but those of an infirm mother, by her work."

"And must we go and hire ourselves out to people to sew for them as she does?" asked Ellen, with a heightened colour and a curling lip.

"No, my dear Ellen, you could not do that, even if I wished it. Miss Fenner has been taught to make dresses,—she learned it as a trade, just as a shoemaker learns to make shoes or a carpenter to build houses. You have never learned it, and I fear nobody would hire you."

Ellen coloured now from shame as much as she had just done from pride.

“But,” Mr. Villars proceeded, “there are some things you can do. You can embroider and paint, and do many fancy works for which the rich are ready to pay money. Mary understands music well. She may give lessons in music. In this way, that is, by doing whatever you can, you may make enough to clothe yourselves. That is all I shall expect you to do at present,—I will pay all your other expenses; and also I will continue to pay for your French, Italian, and music lessons, till you have become so perfectly acquainted with them as to be able to teach them yourselves. You will then be always able to support yourselves respectably, even when you have no Uncle Villars to help you.”

I cannot attempt to describe to you the feelings with which Mary and Ellen had listened to their uncle. They scarcely understood him, and what they did understand seemed like a strange dream. As if to assure them of the truth of what he had

said, he told them to put on their bonnets and he would show them their future home. They obeyed him, and he took them to that small plain house in which I found them living, and introduced them to Mrs. Maclean as her future lodgers.

The next day Mr. Villars called at Colonel Melville's, and having related to him and Mrs. Melville his arrangements for Mary and Ellen, asked what they thought of them. They both exclaimed together, "They will never do—they will never do!"

"Why," proceeded Colonel Melville, "here are two children, Villars—two mere children—the eldest is only fifteen, I believe;" he paused, and Mr. Villars nodded. "Well, these children, hardly out of the nursery, you are going to—"

Mr. Villars interrupted him somewhat impatiently, "Going to place them in a comfortable room, with a kind and honest woman—going to demand of them that they shall do just as much as they can to help themselves, and no more; for, all which they cannot do without injury to

their health, I will. My children shall not want—at least while I live,” and the old man’s voice trembled. “From you, my friends, I ask that while I am absent you will watch over them. Do not let them want anything necessary for comfort. I have told them to come to you, Mrs. Melville, for advice in their outlay of money. If it be necessary at any time, Melville, advance money for them, and I will repay you.”

“Mr. Villars,” said Mrs. Melville, earnestly, “I will do all you wish, if you persist in this plan, but I pray you think better of it. I do not doubt that Mrs. Brown would take Mary into her school as a sub-governess, and her services in this capacity would pay for Ellen’s board and tuition, till she could do something for herself.”

“My dear Mrs. Melville, I have not told you all the reasons which make me prefer my plan to yours—fair as yours seems. Poor Ellen’s ungoverned temper must be subdued; I would give her a discipline which she cannot escape from—

which she will feel it is vain to fret against—which will be steady and unyielding, but never cruel and tyrannical,—the discipline which was God's own appointment for man—labour and privation. Do you think me right now?" he asked.

"I think that you may be. I hope that you are," said Mrs. Melville.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

IN a fortnight Mary and Ellen had taken possession of their neat plain room at Mrs. Maclean's, and Mr. Villars had set out on his journey. We have said that Mrs. Maclean was a widow. She had no children of her own, and it was with real pleasure that she prepared for the reception of these young girls. Mr. Villars had sent over the furniture for their room, and she had begged that they would come over themselves and direct its arrange-

ment. And how patiently did she obey their directions! Now the bedstead was put behind the door, because Mary thought that the right place for it; and now wheeled into the corner near the fire-place, because Ellen thought it would look best there. The looking-glass was hung first in one pier and then in the other, and then moved back again to the first. In short, every piece of furniture made a journey around the room before it found an abiding-place, and yet Mrs. Maclean showed no weariness or impatience,—a fact on which Ellen dilated with great emphasis to her uncle in Mrs. Merrill's presence—declaring that “Mrs. Maclean was so good-natured, she was sure she should love her dearly.”

When Mr. Villars took the sisters to their home on the evening before he left H., Ellen carried him up to their room—explained to him all the advantages of its present arrangement—and especially challenged his admiration for the mantel-piece, on which Mrs. Maclean had placed two china mugs filled with her brightest

flowers. It was noon the next day before Mr. Villars was at leisure to make his farewell visit at Mrs. Maclean's. As soon as he came within view of the parlour windows, Ellen ran and opened the little gate for him.

“Oh, Uncle Villars, I thought you were never coming, I have been looking for you so long.”

“That was very unprofitable labour, Ellen, for it could not bring me here any sooner. Where is Mary?”

“Up stairs in our room—come softly, Uncle Villars,” here Ellen lowered her voice to a whisper, “come softly, and I do believe you may get close up to her without her knowing it—she is so busy sewing.”

Ellen tripped lightly on herself, and Mr. Villars, with a smile, followed with as quiet a step as possible. They ascended the staircase, the door was opened without the least noise, and Ellen, motioning to her uncle to stand still, stole on towards her sister. Mary sat near the window, but though her face was towards it, she

was not looking out. Her head was bent down over a piece of embroidery, and her fingers were moving quickly while she sang in a low suppressed voice to a cheerful tune an old song, the words of which ran thus—

I will not be a butterfly;
To sport beneath the summer sky,
Idly o'er ev'ry flower to roam,
And droop when winter storms have come.

I will not be an ant, to soil
Myself with low, debasing toil,
To crawl on earth—to yon bright heaven
No wing upraised, no effort given.

But I will be a bee, to sup
Pure honey from each flow'ry cup;
Busy and pleased around I'll fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky.

As she finished her song, Ellen, who now stood close beside her, though unperceived, took up the strain and warbled,

Busy and pleased around I'll fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky.

“Ah truant!” said Mary, with a smile, “you will not win much treasure, I am afraid. See how much I have done while you have been looking out for uncle Villars, and all your looking has not brought him.”

“No—but if I could only persuade you to take your eyes from your work and just give one glance over your shoulder, he would be here I know; try it Mary.”

“No, butterfly, I mean to be a bee, and you shall not tempt me to lose time.”

“There, Miss Bee, is that losing time?” asked Ellen, as, putting a hand on each side of Mary’s head, she turned it suddenly round to where Mr. Villars stood, amused by the scene.

“Why, Uncle Villars!” exclaimed Mary, dropping her work in her surprise and pleasure to meet him, “how long have you been there?”

“Long enough to hear most of your song, Mary. But what pretty work is this?” asked Mr. Villars, as he picked it up and handed it to her.

“A cape which Mrs. Melville sent me

this morning to embroider for her; and see, she has sent Ellen some cambric handkerchiefs to hem."

"And how much have you done to them, Ellen?"

"I have done half a side to one of them."

"Mr. Villars shook his head, and Ellen colouring, said, "Well, Uncle Villars, I do hate so to hem handkerchiefs; it is all the same thing over and over again. Now there is some pleasure in embroidering."

"But my little girl must learn to take pleasure in winning treasure," said Mr. Villars, pleasantly.

"I should like very well to have the treasure, Uncle Villars, if you mean money, but I do not see much pleasure in winning it."

"But I do not mean money only, Ellen, that is the treasure of earth; but you remember the bee won that of the sky too, and I would have you, my dear child, win the best of all treasures, a disciplined, well-regulated mind and heart; and the surest way to do this, is by steady perseverance

in what you know to be right, however disagreeable it may be to you; and to encourage you, let me tell you that the things you like least will become pleasant to you as soon as you have made up your mind to do them, because they are right."

This was Mr. Villars' parting lesson to Ellen. He left them, with many charges that they should write to him at least once a fortnight; and that they should apply, if any difficulty occurred, to Colonel and Mrs. Melville for advice, and, if necessary, for assistance.

CHAPTER VII.

A HOLIDAY.

"Poor things," said Mrs. Maclean the next morning at the breakfast table, when she saw Ellen's eyes fill with tears at some mention of her Uncle Villars. "Poor things! it is no wonder you feel bad to

part with such a good friend; but you must cheer up, he will soon be back again; and now I will tell you what—instead of sitting down to mope in your room to-day we will just make a holiday of it.” And so they did, and went to visit Mrs. Maclean’s brother-in-law who rented a farm in the neighbourhood. They were all very kindly welcomed, and after walking about with Susy and Martha Maclean as their guides, to the dairy, the orchard, and the garden, they went in to dinner. Mr. Maclean spoke to them very kindly about their Uncle Villars.

“Mrs. Merrill seems almost broken down about it,” said Mr. Maclean; “and she told me that you were going to keep a school for young children: now I’m thinking of sending our Susy and Martha to you for a while. A little schooling won’t do them any harm, and they can go in with the market-cart every morning, and come home in it when market is over. You can help them, I dare say, and then what they pay will help you—and that’s what I call right. Formerly they went to a man, and

only learnt books ; but now they'll find out how to be handy with the needle too, and that's worth as much as book learning to a woman—so I think double the old price would be fair now. I'll tell you what, miss," he added, turning to Mary, "to encourage you, I'll make it five shillings a week for the two, and I'll send it in to you every Saturday ; how will that do ?"

Mary thought it would do very well. Knowing nothing of the labour of teaching, and as little of the value of money, she thought five shillings a week a great sum to be given her. It was really a generous offer in Mr. Maclean, who, being uneducated himself, could not estimate very truly the value of her services in educating his daughters, and who knew, besides, that he could have them taught at some common day-schools for less.

The happiest day must have an end, and the western sky was still bright with the sun's last beams, when Mary and Ellen alighted at their own door.

The next morning Mary awoke very

early—much earlier than usual, and try as much as she would, she could not sleep again. I have told you that even in her early childhood Mary had been thoughtful, but now you must remember she was over fifteen years old, and had already experienced such changes as might have made a person of much gayer temper grave. But not even these changes had tended to sadden Mary so much as Ellen's waywardness had done. In all which these sisters had to do, they had to depend greatly on the kindness and good-will of others. Mary knew this, and she knew too that kindness and good-will were not to be gained by a display of passionate, wilful tempers. Especially did Mary dread any thing of this kind in the school they were about to begin, and her morning thoughts—the thoughts which would not let her sleep again when once she had awoke—were all of how she might most gently, and with the least danger of displeasing Ellen, impress upon her how much patience and self-control would be needed in teaching a set of rude, ignorant children. Before she

had come to any decision on this important point, Ellen awoke, and with more animation than she usually evinced at such an early hour, exclaimed, "Why, Mary, not up yet—and our school to begin to-day!"

"But not for three hours yet, Ellen—it is only six o'clock."

"But I thought you were always up at half-past five."

"So I am; but I have been thinking so much about this school this morning that I have forgotten every thing else."

"What about it, Mary—about what you should teach?"

"No, Ellen—not just that; but I have been thinking how unpleasant and difficult it will be."

"Do you think so? I think I shall like it."

"So should I, Ellen, if I were sure that the children would all be smart, and pleasant tempered; but it must be very hard to teach dull children; and if they are obstinate and ill tempered we shall be so apt to become impatient with them, and

then, you know, all comfort will be at an end."

"But I don't see why you should think they will be dull, I am sure Susy and Martha Maclean seemed to be very pleasant children."

"So they did, but there are four other children, you know, whom Mrs. Maclean has engaged for us, and of whom we know nothing."

"Well, I dare say they are clever children. For my part I don't think children are ever ill-tempered unless people are cross to them, and if you are afraid that I shall be cross to *your* scholars, Mary—"

Mary interrupted Ellen's hasty speech, saying in a gentle tone, "I am afraid, dear Ellen, that *our* scholars will often tire us and try our patience very much; but Uncle Villars says that whatever we do, we should do cheerfully, so I will not talk of my fears any more."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOL.

A WEEK passed away, and nothing occurred in the little school to make Mary think again of her fears. Ellen seemed to like being a teacher: and if she laughed and talked and played with her pupils a little more than was quite consistent with her new dignity, they liked her all the better for it, and learned, from a wish to please her, more than they would perhaps have done if more constrained.

Ellen had even exerted herself to rise early, that she might be ready for her scholars; but the second Monday after the commencement of her labours she seemed to find this an unusually difficult task, and when Mary, who had been some time below stairs, came back to tell her that it was eight o'clock and breakfast was ready, and unless she dressed herself quickly the children would be there before their room

was in order, she exclaimed, "Those children! I am sure I wish I had never seen them or heard of them. It is bad enough to have to teach the stupid things, without being obliged to get up at daybreak for them."

"Daybreak, Ellen!" said Mary, moving the window-curtain and letting in a stream of sunshine.

"Well, I don't care what time it is, Mary, it is earlier than I choose to get up, and earlier than I would get up, if it was not for them; and there would be some comfort in it if one thought they would ever learn any thing: but for such a stupid set!"

"Stupid, Ellen!—why Mrs. Maclean and I have just been saying what bright intelligent children they were."

"I do think, Mary, you are the most contradictory person I ever saw in my life. When I hoped the children might be clever, you were sure they would be stupid; and now that I think them stupid, you have found out that they are wonderfully intelligent."

Mary, for fear of increasing Ellen's displeasure, did not remind her that the fears she had expressed had been quite as much of the impatience of the teacher as of the stupidity of the scholars.

Mrs. Maclean's call to breakfast on this morning was quickly and gladly obeyed by Mary, for she thought Ellen's irritation would subside sooner if she was alone. At any rate, thought Mary, when Ellen comes to say her prayers, her ill-humour will pass away. With this hope she went to the breakfast table, and when Ellen followed, received her so cheerfully, that her frowns soon began to wear away and the tones of her voice to grow more pleasant. They had not yet risen from the table when Anna Melville rushed in, sparkling with joyous expectation.

"Mary and Ellen, papa is going to carry us to see the caravan of animals at N., and if you were not going to have school to-day, he would carry you with us. Must you have school! Can't you manage so as to go?"

Mary was delighted at the prospect of

such a pleasure for Ellen, and she answered quickly, "We cannot both go, Anna—but Ellen can."

"I am sure, Mary, I don't see how I can go any more than you. Any one would think, to hear you, that I did nothing at all in the school."

"You know, Ellen, that I cannot mean that, but I can take your place and give you a holiday for one day."

"Yes, and have Uncle Villars think when he comes back again that I have done nothing but amuse myself while you were at work. I thank you, Anna—but I cannot go to see caravans. I must stay and keep school."

Anna stood irresolute.

"Mary, cannot you go?" said she at last.

"Thank you, Anna," said Mary, "but I should not enjoy it unless Ellen could go too."

"Mary, I beg you will not stay at home on my account."

Anna saw that neither of the sisters were going, and she bade them good morning.

As she opened the door, Mr. Maclean's market-cart drove up with Susy and Martha. The children stood for a moment, before leaving the cart, to look at her, and before she was out of hearing Ellen was calling from the house, "Susy, Martha, if you stand all day staring there, I might as well have pleased myself by going with Anna Melville, as have stayed at home to teach you."

"Did you want to go, Miss Ellen?"

"That is of no consequence," said Ellen, "for if I wanted to go ever so much I could not."

"Oh yes—but you could," said the kind-hearted girls; "now do go, and we'll get our lessons just the same, and say them all to you to-morrow."

"That may suit you just as well, but your father would hardly be willing to pay his money if you were left to get your lessons by yourselves."

"Oh, I'm sure my papa wouldn't mind about it."

Ellen impatiently pushed the child nearest to her into the room, saying, "I do wish

you would go to your lessons, and hush talking about what does not concern you!"

It will readily be believed that Mary had many trials on this day. Three of the girls were sent home weeping and indignant, to complain that Ellen Leslie had called them by some unkind or disgraceful epithet. These girls brought back the next morning messages from their parents, intimating that they were sent to school to Mary Leslie, and that it was hoped she would teach them herself. Poor Mary! she scarce knew how to meet this difficulty. She tried to pacify the children and satisfy the parents, and perhaps, had Ellen seconded her efforts, she would have succeeded, but Ellen could not forget the mortification she had received from this affair, and scarce a day passed that she did not by some petulant word or action increase the dissatisfaction of her pupils or their parents, till one by one they were withdrawn. With them went the most certain profits of the sisters; yet it was with real satisfaction that Mary saw the door close upon the last scholar who left them, for she hoped now to see

• Ellen again cheerful and pleased as when they first came to Mrs. Maclean's. She turned smilingly towards her from the window at which she was standing, to express her satisfaction, and was surprised to find her weeping bitterly.

“Ellen, my own dear little sister, what is the matter? Surely you are not sorry those children are gone who have plagued you so.”

“No, Mary, I am not sorry they are gone, but I am sorry that I made them go. I know they all hate me, Mary, and their fathers and mothers hate me.”

“Ellen—my dear Ellen—people don't *hate* each other for such little things.”

“Oh yes, Mary—I heard the children say they hated me. Nobody will ever love me, and I can't help it—I am sure I can't help it; for I try to be good like you—but I can't, Mary—I can't. I wish I was dead, and buried with poor papa and mamma.”

“Ellen—my dear Ellen! this is very wicked and very cruel, Ellen. You know that I love you, Ellen—that I love you dearly—better than I love any thing else in the world, and yet you want to die and

leave me here by myself; what could I do without my own little sister!" Mary's voice became choked, and she too sobbed aloud. Ellen felt then that she had indeed been wicked and cruel to desire any thing which might grieve this loving sister. From this time she did try, and try successfully, to control her temper towards Mary herself, rarely being betrayed into any petulance towards her; or, if she were, endeavouring the next moment to atone for it, by double tenderness of manner and speech. But, impressed with the conviction that she was disliked by all others, she became daily more and more irritable towards them, more and more careless and defying in her manner, till she created the very dislike she had at first only fancied.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT TRIALS.

MR. VILLARS had now been gone six months, and the business which had taken

him away, and which he had not supposed would detain him half so long, was not yet completed. Colonel Melville heard from him frequently, for to him he expressed all his wishes respecting his children, as he always called Mary and Ellen. Soon after the school was given up, he wrote to ask that Colonel Melville would let him know all he could learn about it, as Mary's account of her reasons for discontinuing her teaching was so confused and imperfect, that he was afraid there was something which she had not liked to tell. Before Colonel Melville had found time to reply to this letter, he received another from Mr. Villars to say that he had already learned all which he had requested him to ascertain from Ellen, who had of her own accord written a full statement of the whole business, for fear, as she wrote, that he might blame Mary if he did not know all. "Poor child," Mr. Villars wrote to his friend, "her letter is a very sad one. Few things can be more sad than to see childhood, the brightest and most joyous period, the holiday of our lives, made miserable by evil

passions. And yet, with all its sadness, Ellen's letter gave me pleasure, for it shows that she is beginning to feel the influence of that discipline from which, you know, I hope so much for her. She is beginning to learn the secrets of her own heart—to see that from the evil there, arises much of the suffering she endures. She must yet see more of this—feel more hopeless, more despondent—learn that there is no rest for her on earth—no rest for her anywhere except in making it the most earnest desire of her heart and effort of her life to do right—in a perfect willingness, when she has done this, to leave everything which concerns her to the care of her heavenly Father, and in such entire trust in that heavenly Father's goodness, that even when she suffers she shall feel that it is his love which corrects her faults."

Perhaps you would like to see something of the letter which made Mr. Villars feel at once so much grieved and so hopeful for poor Ellen. I have it with me, and will extract a few sentences from it for your perusal. After giving a very fair

account of the school, and relating very truly all which took place on that unlucky Monday morning, Ellen adds, "Everybody loves Mary without her caring for it or trying to make them love her; and I want them to love me, and do everything I can to make them love me, and yet they never do,—nobody but Mary. Even you, Uncle Villars, though you were always very kind to me, did not love me as you loved Mary. I know it is because she is so good, and I have such a wicked bad temper. But, Uncle Villars, I cannot help my temper—indeed I cannot, for I have tried very often, very often, indeed. Many a time have I said to myself, when I got up in the morning—I will be good and kind to everybody to-day, and I will not say a cross word, or give an angry look, let them serve me ever so badly, but when people teaze and worry me I forget it all. And so now, Uncle Villars, since I cannot help it, I mean to try not to care about it at all—not to love anybody except Mary, who loves me so much that I never get angry with her now, and you, who were always so kind to me."

The letter here broke off abruptly, and was continued again several days after in these words; "What I was writing to you the other day, Uncle Villars, made me feel so bad that I had to put down my pen and cry. Since that, I have hardly thought of any thing else, and I am more and more convinced that it all comes from my bad temper; but that is no comfort, since I cannot help it. I am afraid you will think me very wicked, but I cannot help wishing I was dead. I think, then, when people saw me lying so pale and still, and knew that I could never say an angry word again, they would feel sorry for having been so hard upon me, and they would look kindly at me and speak kindly of me. I think of these things a great deal, but do not tell Mary so, for it would distress her. I am sorry for having written all about these feelings to you, Uncle Villars; but my letter must go now, for it has taken me a great deal of time to write so long a one, and I want you to know all about the school, for fear, as I said before, you should blame Mary."

CHAPTER X.

THE INVITATION.

ONE day as Mrs. Melville and I were passing in to dinner, she bade Anna, as soon as we had dined, go over to invite the Leslies to pass the afternoon and evening with her. Anna did not need to be reminded of her errand, but went over to Mrs. Maclean's quite early, and quickly returned, bringing Mary and Ellen along with her. It was now May, and Emma Melville having reported the spring roses to be in bud, the children soon left the parlour, where Colonel and Mrs. Melville and I were seated, and from the windows of which, a few minutes after, we could see them walking around the flower-beds in the garden, and occasionally stopping to search for, or communicate some new token of the advancing season. Our observations on them were interrupted by the sound of the door-bell and the en-

trance of a servant, who, handing Colonel Melville a card and a letter, announced that the gentleman who brought them was waiting to see him in the next room. Colonel Melville only glanced at the card, ran his eye hastily over the letter, and handing them both to Mrs. Melville, went to meet his visitor. "The Reverend Mr. Wallace," said Mrs. Melville, as she looked at the card, in a tone which indicated that to her, at least, he was a stranger. "And the letter," she added, as opening it she looked at once at the name of the writer, "is from Mrs. Herbert."

"And who is Mrs. Herbert?" I asked.

"Did you never hear of her? She is a sister of Mr. Leslie. I have not seen her since her marriage, fifteen years ago; but if her maturer years have fulfilled the promise of her early life, she must be excellent indeed." Her husband died about the same time with Mr. Leslie. His death was sudden, and I fear he left her and her three children but ill provided for. Had it been otherwise, she would, I am sure, before this time have

endeavoured to do something for Mary and Ellen; for I know that Mr. Villars wrote soon after their father's death, informing her of their entire destitution, and of those embarrassments on his part which would prevent his doing all he wished for them."

Mrs. Melville had scarcely ceased speaking, when the door between the two parlours was opened, and Mr. Melville entered, accompanied by a very benevolent-looking old gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Wallace, saying, as he presented him to Mrs. Melville, that he was a near neighbour of her old friend Mrs. Herbert, of whom he could give her very late intelligence, as he had been only about a fortnight from home.

"I have just been speaking of Mrs. Herbert," said Mrs. Melville, addressing herself to Mr. Wallace, "and though it has been fifteen years since we met, there are few of whom I retain a more admiring and pleasant remembrance. I was indeed grieved when I heard of Mr. Herbert's death."

"It was a terrible blow," said Mr. Wal-

lace, "the more terrible from being so sudden; but Mrs. Herbert is a mourner from a yet more recent affliction—the death of her eldest child and only daughter."

"Indeed! such repeated and heavy strokes—how has she borne up under them?"

"As one who, though a devoted wife and mother, is likewise a devoted Christian. The strokes have been indeed as you say, heavy, but she has bowed to them, and kissed the rod which she knew was in a Father's hand."

"She has yet two children, I believe?" said Mrs. Melville.

"Yes—two fine boys, whose education is scarcely commenced yet, as the eldest is but thirteen years old. Her orphan and destitute nieces, too, who, I understood, were with you this afternoon, she feels to have strong claims upon her, almost as strong as those of her own children. To these claims she had not hitherto been able to attend, for she had scarce recovered from the first bewildering effect of her

husband's death, when the symptoms which had already alarmed her in her daughter's health, deepened into decided consumption, and her whole time was necessarily given to her till death released her from her cares."

"And will she now be able to give a home to these poor girls?"

"Only to one of them," said Mr. Melville,—“to Ellen.”

"And separate them!" exclaimed Mrs. Melville; "that will never do."

"So Mrs. Herbert thought at first," said Mr. Wallace, smiling, but she has been in correspondence with Mr. Villars on the subject, and she has yielded to his arguments, on the one condition, that the children themselves consent to the arrangement."

"That I am sure they will never do," said Mrs. Melville.

"In that case, Mrs. Herbert's power of being useful to them ceases, since Mr. Villars has decided that the eldest must on no account relinquish the advantages of her position here, as neither he nor Mrs.

Herbert are in circumstances to ensure them future support independently of their own exertions.

“Mr. Villars is certainly a very eccentric man,” said Mrs. Melville; “does he suppose that a few years could make any difference in Mary’s claims upon the people of H., or their willingness to give her their support, if she were then compelled to teach.”

“Mr. Villars is eccentric,” said Mr. Melville; “yet for what seemed to us strange, he has always had some good reason to give, as I doubt not he has now.”

“Well, here come the children,” said Mrs. Melville; “we shall soon hear their decision, and I suspect you will find that Mr. Villars’ limitation is a complete hindrance to Mrs. Herbert’s kind intentions.”

The door was thrown open as Mrs. Melville spoke, and the children, unconscious of a stranger’s presence, came laughing and talking in. Even Ellen looked pleased, which I was especially glad to see, as her usual gloomy countenance would have impressed a stranger unfavourably. Mrs.

Melville led Mary and Ellen to Mr. Wallace, and introduced him to them as a friend of their Aunt Herbert. To their inquiries respecting their aunt and her family Mr. Wallace replied very fully. The children having said that they had never seen her, he described her appearance, her manners, her character—spoke of their cousins George and Charles Herbert, whom he represented as spirited, manly, but kind and affectionate tempered boys.

“And my cousin Lucy?” said Mary.

“Was one of the loveliest and most engaging young persons I ever saw, when she was on earth,” said Mr. Wallace; “she is now, I trust, in heaven.”

“Is my cousin Lucy dead?” said Ellen, who had hitherto been a silent listener.

“Yes, my child, she has now been dead for more than two months, after enduring for almost two years very great suffering. During all that time, though I saw her very often, I never heard a complaining word from her. All her grief was for her mother. Even when she was dying she thought of her, and the last words we could

distinguish from her were, 'Our heavenly Father will comfort you, mother.' "

"Poor Aunt Herbert!" exclaimed Mary, touched with sympathy for such a loss.

"Yes, my dear child," said Mr. Wallace, "you may well pity her for losing such a daughter, her only daughter; your Aunt Herbert hopes that you will do more than pity her, that you will send her by me another daughter in your sister Ellen, to whom she will be just such a mother as she was to Lucy Herbert. She wished to have you both come to her as her daughters, but your Uncle Villars does not think it wise that you should leave H. just at present; he consents, however, that Ellen should go to her aunt, if you are both willing."

"From the moment Ellen's name was mentioned, the sisters had sat looking earnestly into each other's eyes.

"Ellen," said Mr. Wallace, "will you not go with me, and be another Lucy to this good aunt?"

"I could not be like Lucy—I am not good enough; and I cannot leave Mary—I cannot leave Mary for anybody."

Mary threw her arm around Ellen, and drew her closely to her side, answering all Mr. Wallace's arguments only with her tears, or a silent shake of the head. Colonel Melville attempted to influence her, and then she spoke! "Oh! Colonel Melville, I cannot let Ellen go: I promised my mother, when I was a very little girl, and then I promised my father when he was on his death-bed, that I never would part with Ellen, and I cannot do it."

"Mary," said Colonel Melville, "I do not wish you to do it; none wish you to do it, unless you feel it to be not only right but desirable, and all I would ask of you now is that you and Ellen too would think before you decide on a question of so much importance. As respects your promises, you could not have promised that she should not leave you, because about that, you know, she will one of these days have a will of her own, and you cannot prevent her going from you if she chooses it. Now Ellen's home with you is not, I fear, a very happy one,"—Ellen coloured and looked down at these words,—“and

you have it not in your power to make it so; and here your kind aunt sends and asks her to come to her and be her daughter, promising to cherish her as her own dear child. Mrs. Herbert will educate Ellen as few are capable of doing, and so enable her to be of use to herself and to you too, if the necessity for your labours continue. And there will be no force exercised over Ellen's wishes there, more than here. I doubt not if, after six months' or a year's trial of her home there, she should be dissatisfied, and wish to return to you, she will be permitted to do so."

"Will she, sir?—May she come back if she should wish?" asked Mary quickly, turning to Mr. Wallace.

"Certainly, my dear; your aunt's desire is to make Ellen happy, and that could not be done by keeping her against her will. But I would not have you make up your minds in a hurry—take to-night to think about it. You have, I hope, been taught to pray; ask your heavenly Father to direct you to what is best for you. I intended to set off to-morrow afternoon on my way

home, but I will wait till the next morning for Ellen, if you will give me your answer in the course of the day, or to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DECISION.

MR. WALLACE stayed that night at Colonel Melville's. We had the next morning just assembled around the breakfast-table, when there was a ring at the door-bell, so loud and so hurried, that, surprised and startled, each one turned towards the door to watch the entrance of the ringer. The servant had probably been as much startled as we, for she moved with unusual quickness, and scarce a minute passed from the ring to the entrance into the breakfast parlour of Ellen Leslie, flushed, breathless, and evidently agitated. Without speaking to, almost without looking at any one else, she walked up to Mr. Wallace, and hold-

ing out her hand, said, "I have come to tell you, sir, that I will go with you."

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear; but sit down, get your breath, and then we will talk about it."

"I don't want to talk about it," said Ellen, in an impatient tone; "I want to go. How soon can we go, sir?"

"This afternoon at five o'clock if you can be ready so soon."

"I am ready now," Ellen began, but Mrs. Melville, who had risen from the table on her coming in, now approached her, and taking off her bonnet, insisted that she should sit down and take some breakfast before she said anything more about going. Ellen looked at the breakfast-table, and seemed to find some attraction in it, for she drew nearer to it, then suddenly turning to Mrs. Melville, said, "But Mary does not know. I must go and tell Mary."

"I will send for Mary. Anna, go over to Mrs. Maclean's, and tell Mary she must come and take her breakfast with us."

"Thank you, Mrs. Melville," said Ellen;

“I am sure I am much obliged to you, for Mrs. Maclean would not give me any breakfast this morning, and poor Mary felt so badly about it that I dare say she has not eaten any.”

In a moment I saw the whole reason of Ellen's unexpected resolve, of her hurry and agitation. She had doubtless refused to go down to breakfast—Mrs. Maclean had refused to let her breakfast go up to her—angry words had probably ensued—Ellen had declared she would go away—Mrs. Maclean, instead of expressing sorrow or apprehension at such a threat, had hoped she would, and Ellen, too proud to retract—too wilful to hesitate, had started off at once; and thus, the decision about which she had been advised to think so carefully and prayerfully, was made in a fit of anger, and carried through for the gratification of proud and resentful feeling.

Anna Melville was gone a longer time than was usually found necessary for a message to Mrs. Maclean's. Mary returned with her, and her eyes showed that her tears had been hastily wiped away as she

entered the parlour. Neither of the sisters ate much breakfast, for Ellen was still too angry and Mary too sorrowful to feel hungry. After breakfast Mrs. Melville took Mary's hand, and leading her into the next room, closed the door after her. They were gone almost an hour, and when they came back, though Mary's eyes were red and swollen, her countenance was much more composed. Ellen looked anxiously at her as she entered, and going up to her, took her hand and said, "Are you sorry I am going, Mary?"

"I am sorry and glad too, Ellen," said Mary, pressing her lips to her sister's forehead; "sorry to part with you, but glad, very glad that you are going to such a good, kind aunt as Mrs. Melville says our Aunt Herbert is."

"I do not care so much about that, for I am sure she cannot be more good and kind than you are, Mary," and Ellen passed her arm round her sister's waist, and laid her head affectionately on her shoulder; but I am very glad that I shall not have to go back to that hateful Mrs. Maclean."

“Hush—hush, Ellen. Mrs. Maclean is quick in her temper, but she has been often very kind to us, and you should not call her hateful.”

“She may be very kind to you,” said Ellen, “I do not know anything about that; but I do not call it kindness to tell me that she would rather go without her meals than eat them with me, and then to refuse to give me my breakfast. I told her I would never darken her door again, and I never will. I will not go back even to pack my trunk or get my things.”

Mary looked as if she were about to remonstrate with her sister, but Mrs. Melville interposed, saying, “It will not be at all necessary, Ellen, that you should; I will go over with Mary and assist her in packing your trunk, and get such things as may be necessary for you on your journey, of which I shall be a better judge than either of you, as I am an older traveller. In the meantime, you had better go around and say good-bye to some of your old friends in H. Anna will go with you.”

While Mrs. Melville was speaking, Colonel Melville and Mr. Wallace, who had walked out together after breakfast, entered.

“Well, my little fellow-traveller,” said Mr. Wallace cheerfully, “will you be ready at five o’clock?”

“Yes, sir,” said Ellen; then after hesitating a moment she added, “You say, sir, that if I want to come back to Mary I can.”

“Yes, my dear, if you want to come back after you have been six months with your Aunt. In a shorter time than that you could form no judgment of what your life there would be; but then if you wish to return, I am sure that nothing will be done to detain you.”

“There, Mary, you hear that,” said Ellen with great animation; “by that time Uncle Villars will have come back, and then you can leave that”—Ellen looked as if she wanted to say hateful again—“Mrs. Maclean, and we will all, I dare say, live together just as we used to do.”

“Mrs. Merrill and all,” said Colonel Melville slyly, for he had heard from Mr.

Villars something of Ellen's disagreements with Mrs. Merrill.

Ellen coloured very much, but after a minute's hesitation, she said, "Well, even Mrs. Merrill was not so bad as Mrs. Maclean."

Our party now separated; Mary and Mrs. Melville went to Mrs. Maclean's, and Ellen and Anna set out to make their visits. Three o'clock brought us all together again for dinner. The flush had now faded from Ellen's cheeks, and it was easy to see that being no longer sustained by anger or resentment her heart had begun to fail her at the thought of the approaching separation from her sister. She started when she heard the announcement that the carriage was at the door, and flinging herself into Mary's arms, exclaimed amidst sobs and tears, "Oh, Mary, if you could only go with me! if you could only go with me, Mary!"

Mary said not a word, but she folded Ellen closely to her heart, as if to part with her were impossible, and wept over her as if that heart were breaking. Anna

and Emma Melville sobbed from sympathy and the rest of us stood around, silent and tearful spectators of the scene.

“My dear children,” said Mr. Wallace at last, “you are needlessly distressing yourselves; remember it is but a visit Ellen is going on. She shall come back, I again promise you, in six months, if she desire to do so.”

“And Mary,” said Colonel Melville, going up to her and taking her hand, “it will not do to keep Mr. Wallace waiting. For Ellen’s sake, my dear girl, control yourself.”

Mary unclasped her arms from her sister, and as Mr. Wallace approached to lead Ellen away she looked imploringly in his face, and exclaimed in the most earnest tones, “Oh! be good to her, sir; be very good to her.”

“I will, my dear child, I will,” was all that the kind old gentleman could say.

A silent kiss to Ellen from each of the party, and Mr. Wallace led her out to the carriage. The next moment the sound of wheels told that they were off. Mary had

stood listening for that sound. As it fell upon her ear she turned from us into an adjoining room, and her quick, heavy sobs, reached us where we stood, showing that she had gone there to weep alone. We left her undisturbed for some minutes, and then Mrs. Melville went in and talked soothingly and cheerily to her. Mary had learned early to control her feelings for the sake of others, and she soon came out with Mrs. Melville, looking and speaking calmly, though often, in the course of the evening, I saw a tear steal down her cheek without her seeming to notice it. Just before night, Mary arose and took her bonnet to return home. "Stay, Mary," said Mrs. Melville, "you are not going to leave us so soon. I will send over to let Mrs. Maclean know that you will not return to-night, and the messenger can bring anything you may want."

And so Mary staid that night, and the next day, and a week; and still, as she talked of going home, new reasons were found for delay. Her obliging temper and gentle manners rendered her so pleasing an

inmate, that all found it painful to part with her; and at last it was arranged that she should remain at Colonel Melville's till Mr. Villars returned, continuing there to employ herself with her needle or pencil, and giving lessons in music, as she had hitherto done, to a few pupils. Leaving her to be loved and cherished by this kind family, we will follow Ellen to her new home.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW FRIENDS.

LITTLE can be told of Ellen's journey. After several days they arrived at the village of G——, situated on a small but beautiful lake. There Mr. Wallace resided, and here was the church in which he preached. He took her to his own house and introduced her to his wife, a lady with manners as kind and countenance as pleasing as his own. She placed some raspberry jam with bread and butter,

both of her own making, on the table, and while Ellen partook of it, Mr. Wallace had his own little carriage prepared, and having placed her baggage in it, called to her to take her seat beside him. They were soon on the way to Mrs. Herbert's farm, which was three miles distant from G——. Ellen did not talk much on the way, for she could think of no more questions to ask about her Aunt Herbert or her cousins, and she could not talk of anything else. It was a lovely afternoon. Though still early in May, the season was unusually forward, and the air was soft and balmy as June. As they approached Mrs. Herbert's place, the road descended to the very edge of the lake. There was not a ripple on the water, and its smooth surface glittered like gold beneath the beams of the almost setting sun. Orchards and gardens were full of bloom, and the long low farm-house, which was so surrounded with trees that you scarce saw it till you had reached the very door, looked like the abode of peace and gentleness. Two boys who were fishing in the lake from its bank, about fifty

yards from the house, were the only persons in sight. When they first saw the carriage, they stood looking steadily at it for a few minutes, as if to ascertain whose it was, then dropping their fishing rods ran towards the house.

“There they go to give notice of our coming. Poor Charley! George has left him far behind. How hard he tries to get up with his brother! Suppose we stop and take him up,” said the good-natured Mr. Wallace, at the same time checking his horse and standing up in the carriage to beckon to Charles.

The tired boy gladly obeyed the summons, having only one narrow field and a fence between him and the road.

“There, Charley,” said Mr. Wallace, as he helped him up the side of the carriage and placed him by Ellen, “you have been the first to see cousin Ellen, if George has carried the news of her coming to mamma.”

“Oh! cousin Ellen,” said Charles, “how glad I am you have come; it will make mamma so happy!”

Ellen looked with surprise upon her cousin Charles, he was so much younger and more delicate than she had expected to see him.

Ellen had just recovered her surprise, and decided that she liked Charles better as he was, with his light brown curls, his fair childish face, and bright laughing blue eyes, than she would have done if he had been a great, blustering boy, when the carriage stopped at the door of the house, where already stood George, flushed and panting with his race, and Mrs. Herbert. Ellen was never very slow in determining the feelings with which she would regard any one, and she often afterwards said, that she loved her Aunt Herbert as soon as she looked upon her. Few faces were so well calculated to produce such an impression as was Mrs. Herbert's. Mrs. Herbert pressed her niece to her heart, and kissing her tenderly, thanked her for coming to her, and called her her daughter Ellen.

“Cousin Ellen,” said George, a tall, and stout, and sun-burned youth, “Cousin Ellen, we are very glad to see you.”

“Not Cousin Ellen—sister Ellen, my son; you are all my children now,” said Mrs. Herbert, as again she folded Ellen in her arms.

“You must always live with us then,” said Charles; “we shall not let you go away again.”

Ellen, half bewildered among so many new claimants of her affection, had scarce spoken a word in reply to their greetings. She now looked around for Mr. Wallace. He saw the look, and understood it.

“Stay, stay, Charles, it takes two, you know, to make a bargain, and I have already promised that if Ellen wish it she shall go back in six months to her sister Mary—from whom, I assure you, it was no easy matter to get her away. So if you would keep her, you must make her love you so much in six months that she will not choose to leave you.”

“So we will,” said Charles, “so we will; and we’ll bring sister Mary here too, mamma—won’t we?”

“I hope so, my son; for Mary, too, I consider as my daughter, and would gladly

have had her come now, if Mr. Villars had consented."

Ellen looked gratefully at her aunt, and began to doubt whether she ever should wish to leave her.

Ellen seemed so much fatigued after the first excitement of her arrival was over, that Mrs. Herbert had tea prepared immediately, and directly after it she led Ellen to her chamber. Mrs. Herbert assisted Ellen to undress herself, and when she was ready to lie down she kissed her tenderly, saying, "Good-night, my love: you will not forget before you sleep to thank our heavenly Father for bringing you in safety to us. We are early risers here, but I shall not wake you to-morrow, for you want rest."

Ellen lay down with very pleasant thoughts of her new home, but all thoughts were soon forgotten in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW THOUGHTS.

ELLEN slept so soundly that for a long time she did not even dream, or at least she did not remember any dreams ; but at last she thought she was back again at H., sitting with Mary in their own room, and Mary was sewing and singing, as she sewed,

But I will be a bee, to sup
Pure honey from each flow'ry cup ;
Busy and pleased around I'll fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky ;

and Ellen tried to sing with Mary, but in spite of all her efforts she could not make a sound, and she woke with her fruitless exertions. The sun was shining brightly on her window-curtains, and she soon saw she was not at Mrs. Maclean's ; yet still she heard singing, and it was the very same tune which she had fancied in her dream,

but there were several voices, and Mary's was not among them. The music ceased very soon after she awoke, and Ellen lay wondering who had been singing so early, and whether they sang the words as well as the tune of Mary's song. She had been awake fifteen, or perhaps twenty minutes, when her door was cautiously opened, and Mrs. Herbert entered very softly.

"Oh—you are awake, Ellen," she said, as Ellen raised her head from her pillow to see who was entering: "I have looked in upon you once or twice this morning, but you were asleep, and I would not awake you."

"But I have been awake some time now, Aunt Herbert, and I want to know who it is that has been singing, 'I will not be a butterfly;' I was dreaming about Mary's singing it, and when I first awoke and heard it, I thought she was here."

"You did not hear those words, my dear, but only the tune, which the boys and I were singing to our morning hymn."

"Morning hymn?" repeated Ellen, looking inquiringly at her aunt, as she slowly proceeded in dressing herself.

“Is that a strange thing to you, Ellen?” asked Mrs. Herbert with a smile; “I hope you will be up to-morrow in time to join us in singing it: but now your breakfast is ready,” and Mrs. Herbert led the way to the room in which they had taken tea the evening before, where Ellen found George and Charles. They greeted her very affectionately, begged permission to call her Ellen, because they should then feel more at home with her, than if they were obliged to say cousin or even sister Ellen, and before they had risen from breakfast had made many plans for her amusement. Charles would have carried her off at once to see his puppy, but Mrs. Herbert stopped them.

“I must have Ellen,” she said, a little while to myself this morning. This afternoon she shall go with you, if she like.”

After the boys had gone out Mrs. Herbert went with Ellen to her room, and assisted her to put it in neat order. When this was done, Ellen in turn assisted her aunt in setting the breakfast things away and arranging the parlour.

As Ellen was rather of an indolent nature, and Mary had ever been ready to do for her what she did not like to do for herself, she had scarcely ever been actively employed for so long a time; yet she did not feel at all tired, but found herself more than once, when her Aunt Herbert was silent, humming,

“ Busy and pleased around I'd fly,
And treasure win from earth and sky.”

When Mrs. Herbert's domestic arrangements were completed, she said, “ Now, my love, you have been of great service to me, and I must try to be of some service to you. Perhaps you will sit by me, and assist me with my needle-work, and then we shall be able to talk more quietly than we could do while moving about. There are many things that you can tell me, of which I am anxious to hear.”

Ellen accordingly found her thimble and scissors, and seating herself by her aunt's side, took the work she gave her without any expression of dissatisfaction.

“ And now, Ellen,” said Mrs. Herbert,

when the work had all been so explained that there were no more questions to ask about it, "I want you to tell me something about Mary—is she like you?"

"Mary like me!" exclaimed Ellen; "oh no, Aunt Herbert, Mary is more like you than she is like me."

"Indeed! does she look like me?"

"Well, I do not mean exactly that she looks like you, but she looks pleased like you, and moves about quietly, and never seems to be out of patience: everybody loves Mary."

There was something in the tone in which these last words were said, that made Mrs. Herbert raise her eyes from her work and look at her niece. Ellen caught the glance, coloured, and hung her head.

"And everybody loves Ellen, too, I hope," said Mrs. Herbert, with a smile.

Ellen's head drooped yet lower, and she did not answer.

"Speak, my love; you were not jealous I hope of the love which was given to Mary?"

"Oh no, Aunt Herbert, I was not jealous of Mary; but I did wish that they

would love me too, and not be so cross to me."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Herbert, feelingly, "was every one cross to you."

"No, not every one. Mary never was cross to me—nor poor papa—nor Uncle Villars; though Uncle Villars did not love me so much as he did Mary."

"And why was this, Ellen? Did you think there was any reason for it?"

Mrs. Herbert spoke very gently, but again Ellen hung her head.

"Do not be ashamed to tell me, my love, what you thought was the cause. I think it a sad thing not to be loved; and perhaps the cause of this, if I knew it, I could help you to remove."

"Oh no, Aunt Herbert, nobody can help me, for it is just my own bad temper."—Ellen was now weeping, and it was amidst sobs that she continued—"I cannot help it; I am sure I try to be good, and to make people love me."

Mrs. Herbert put her arm around Ellen and drew her to her side, and laying her head upon her shoulder, spoke soothingly

and tenderly to her, till she ceased to weep. When Ellen's sobs were hushed, she said, "My dear child, Aunt Herbert knows how you feel and how to feel for you, for she has suffered just as you do, from just such a bad temper."

"You, Aunt Herbert!" exclaimed Ellen, looking at her aunt with surprise, "did you ever have a bad temper?"

"I had just such a temper, Ellen, as you describe; wishing to be loved, anxious to please, so anxious that I was willing to do anything for it, but control my hasty feelings, or keep back my rash words."

"And how did you get over it, Aunt Herbert?"

"The first step towards my deliverance from the evil, Ellen, was feeling that it was my own fault."

Ellen's face turned very red, and she answered quickly, "How can it be my fault when I try so hard to help it!"

"My child, the fault must lie somewhere; whose is it if it is not yours?"

"I did not make myself," said Ellen, sullenly.

“And would you say, my dear Ellen, that the fault is His who made you?”

Ellen was silent—she dared not say this with her lips—yet it was the language of her heart.

“Ellen, since you began to notice your bad temper has it not become worse!—are you not more easily made angry now than you were formerly?”

Ellen did not answer.

“Speak, my dear Ellen, you must place confidence in me, if you would have me try to aid you. Is it not as I say, Ellen?”

“Yes,” whispered Ellen, again hiding her face on her aunts shoulder.

“Whose fault has this been, Ellen?—has God, do you think, continued to make your temper worse and worse?”

“I have lived with such cross illnatured people,” murmured Ellen.

“Mary has lived with the same people; has it had the same effect on her?”

Ellen was silent.

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Herbert, “I have not asked these questions to give you pain. It is not to mortify you, but to give

you hope, that I would have you feel the fault to be yours, for your own faults you may correct; not so with the faults of others. And now, having convinced you, I hope, that the fault is your own, the next question is, what has been your fault—shall I tell you this, my love?"

Mrs. Herbert spoke so gently, so affectionately, that Ellen could not be angry; she answered very softly, "If you please."

"What this fault was, Ellen, your own words have shown. You say you have loved others and tried to please them, but you said nothing of loving God, and trying to please Him. You do not seem to have thought that the angry feelings and hasty words which displeased your friends were an offence to Him. You have thought of your temper as an unhappiness for which you were to be pitied, rather than as a great wrong for which you were to be blamed. You have even had hard thoughts of God, as if he had caused this unhappiness. Think of His kindness and love to you, Ellen, and be ashamed of such thoughts. Who but He

gave you so tender a father—so kind a sister as Mary—and so generous a friend as your Uncle Villars? Look up at the sky and see the sun which he has placed there to give light and warmth—look around you on the earth, and see the flowers which clothe it with beauty, and the fruits which it produces for your gratification—and be humbled, Ellen, that you should have thought this good God unkind. Pray to Him that he would aid your weak efforts, would pardon your sins, and give you peace here and heaven hereafter. It is in this way, dear Ellen, that you can alone hope to get rid of that bad, sinful temper which has caused you so much pain. Think much of the goodness and love of your kind heavenly Father, that you may love and strive to please Him. This will make you watchful over the first beginnings of evil, the first rising up of angry feelings in your heart, and you will strive then to overcome them before they have become strong by indulgence. Yet, with all your efforts, Ellen, I do not promise you that you will not often fail; but

as you learn to trust in the love of God, you will acknowledge your faults to Him even as you would to an earthly father, and humbly ask Him to pardon and help you : and He will, Ellen, and through His help you shall conquer all evil."

Mrs. Herbert was silent, and Ellen remained for some time with her face concealed, neither speaking nor moving ; at length she whispered, "And you will try to love me, Aunt Herbert, though I have told you how bad I am."

"I love you, dear child, a thousand times better for having told me, and I will never love you less for faults which you honestly acknowledge and earnestly strive to correct."

"And you will not tell George and Charles."

"Never ; but now go to your room, and wash your face, lest that should tell them that you have been crying."

Ellen obeyed, but the thoughts and feelings which her Aunt had awakened, did not depart from her mind. Ellen had heard of God's goodness and love

before, but never had they been so urged upon her—never had she been made so to think about them and to feel them. She had now a new reason to endeavour to conquer her faults,—the desire to do right—to obey God and please Him. It must not be supposed, however, that any lesson, however well remembered and deeply impressed, could overcome in a day, or a week, or even a month, the habits of Ellen's whole life. On the contrary, she had yet often to exclaim, with bitter sorrow, "Oh, Aunt Herbert! do you think I ever shall do right?" But she never now thought it was the fault of others when she did wrong; and although on such occasions she was grieved, more grieved than formerly, she never long felt hopeless, for she remembered that her Aunt Herbert had once been like her, and that the same heavenly Father who had aided her aunt to overcome the evil of her nature, loved her, and would hear her prayers.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSION, AND ITS FRUITS.

CHARLES Herbert was one of the most amiable and affectionate boys in the world, and yet in his mirth or playfulness he was often, to a person as irritable as Ellen, one of the most provoking.

“What shall be done to the owner of this?” exclaimed Charles, as he held up a letter addressed in very legible characters to “Miss Ellen Leslie,” and what was more, in characters which Ellen knew to be Mary’s. “What shall be done to the owner of this?” Then answering his own interrogatory, “She shall speak a speech, sing a song, or tell a riddle.”

“Charles, give me my letter,” said Ellen, trying to get it from him; but he eluded her grasp, and springing on the bannister surrounding the piazza, held it far beyond her reach, while he continued to answer her demands with, “The speech, the song, or the riddle, Ellen. Surely a letter is

worth one of them, and such a long letter too, the lines are so close."

While he ran on thus, Ellen, who had commenced with entreaties, proceeded to commands and angry threatenings.

"I'll tell your mother, sir, that you took my letter from me ; I will see if she will let you take every thing away from me, and ill treat me, just because I have not anybody to take my part;" and overcome by passion, Ellen burst into tears.

In an instant Charles was at her side. "Oh, Ellen, don't cry ; here is your letter. I am sure, Ellen, I did not mean to hurt you so by my foolish play ; take your letter, Ellen."

"I won't take it," said Ellen, passionately, "I won't take it. I know why you give it to me now ; you think your mother is coming, and you don't want me to tell her ; but I will, sir."

Ellen had not time to say more, for Mrs. Herbert stood before them.

"Ellen—Charles, what is the matter?"

"Charles took my letter, and would not give it to me, though I begged him, till he

thought you were coming, but I would not take it from him then, for I think it is very hard if he is just to take my things, and keep them as long as he likes, and never get even a scolding for it," was Ellen's passionate reply.

"Mother, you know that I was only playing," was the explanation of Charles.

"It is not a kind spirit that finds sport in another's suffering, Charles."—Charles hung his head, pained and abashed by his mother's rebuke.—"There is your letter, Ellen. I think I may promise for Charles that he will never again pain you and displease his mother by such thoughtless conduct, and we will forgive him now."

But Ellen's anger had been too thoroughly aroused to be so easily appeased, and many hours had passed before her face lost its resentful expression, or her manners their cold reserve towards Charles.

Not far from Mrs. Herbert's house the lake ran up into the land, forming a deep but narrow bay, and dividing her farm into two almost equal parts. Across this bay was laid a rude bridge only two planks

in width, and with no defence but a slender handrail on the sides. On the farther side of this bay lived the man who attended to Mrs. Herbert's farming business. The dairy had also been built near his house, for the convenience of his wife, who attended to it. To this dairy was a favourite walk with the children.

Ellen had been about five weeks with her aunt when she and Charles set out together on this walk. Charles had lately become very expert in walking on stilts. As this was a very recent accomplishment, he was still very vain of it, and might generally be seen looking over the heads of people taller than himself. Especially did Charles pride himself on his ability to go on stilts over the bridge, which was in reality as safe for him as the dry ground, so long as he kept steadily on. On the afternoon of which we are speaking, he was elevated as usual, and would at one time stride rapidly on before Ellen, and then turn and come slowly back to her, and then wheel around and around her, ever as he went and came, discoursing, not of what

he could do, but of what his brother George could, for proud as he might be of his own powers, Charles was always ready to acknowledge that George excelled him. Ellen's temper was perhaps a little influenced by the sultry weather. However this may be, she certainly did not feel very pleasantly, and had more than once during their walk evinced considerable impatience. Several times she begged that Charles would not wheel around her so, as it made her dizzy—that he would keep farther off, as she was afraid of his stilts striking her—and at length she exclaimed, “Do, Charles, talk about something else besides what George can do. I am sick of hearing of it. I wonder if there is any thing that you think he cannot do.”

Charles was vexed at this disrespect to George, and there was a little malice in the reply, “Yes, I don't think George can write poetry, as some other people I know can. I found some poetry this morning,” he added, looking archly at Ellen, “and I am sure you will like it when you see it published in the G—— Mirror.”

Ellen's face became crimson. Did any of my young readers ever attempt to write poetry? If so, they have only to remember how carefully they concealed their first effort, how much abashed they were at the idea of its being seen, how sensitive to the least appearance of ridicule, to understand the cause of Ellen's blush. Ellen had made more than one effort, but there was only one of her productions which she had ever thought of sufficient importance to preserve. This was a piece addressed to Mary, which she had kept with the hope that she might one day gather courage to send it to her. She had supposed it safe at the very bottom of the black silk bag which she carried on her arm, but she now began to fear that she had dropped it in pulling out her handkerchief. In this she was right. Charles had found it, and saw by the handwriting it was Ellen's. Remembering the letter scene, he faithfully resolved not to tease her about it, but after he should have shown it to George, to give it to her without saying a word of his acquaintance with the contents. Ellen had

vexed him now, however, and it was impossible to avoid making use of such an excellent mode of punishment. He stopped, and taking off his cap drew the paper from the inner side of the crown lining, where it had been carefully placed to secure it from the observation of others. Ellen, in the meantime, desirous of appearing quite unconcerned, passed on to the bridge, and was already upon it when Charles overtook her, exclaiming, "Stop, Ellen: what are you running off for?"

"You have no idea what you are losing," and he commenced repeating a piece of doggerel which had been manufactured by some boy he had known in G——

'The gardens were full of bright young greens,
The patches were full of corn and beans.'

The artifice was successful. Ellen, relieved from her fears, turned round with a smile to listen, and Charles, planting his stilts in such a manner that she could not pass him in either direction without approaching nearer to the edge of the narrow bridge than she would like to do, held a paper in his hand high above her reach,

and read from it in a loud voice, and with much flourish and parade—

“ TO MARY.

Companion of my early years,
Who shared my joys, who soothed my tears ;”

“ Let me go, Charles,” exclaimed Ellen, endeavouring in vain to pass.

“ Who smiled when others’ looks grew dark ;”

“ Let me pass,” almost shrieked Ellen, mad with anger, and losing all control of herself, “ I will not stay to be laughed at,” and she began with all her strength to push against one of the stilts.

“ Oh ! Ellen, just hear this line—

‘ Whose patient love ——’

Stop, stop, Ellen, you’ll throw me into the water ;” cried Charles hurriedly. Ellen pushed on, either not hearing or not heeding. Perhaps she had not time to stay her hand, for it was but a moment and the stilt had passed off the bridge. Then came a sharp cry of terror—a sudden splash—and Ellen stood alone upon the bridge, gazing in wild dismay upon the waters which had closed over the just now gay and animated boy.

But Ellen had not been the only spectator of this scene. The cry of Charles had been echoed from the bank. There had been a quick rush of some one to the spot where Ellen stood. She was conscious of a plunge into the water, on which her eyes were riveted with a stupifying, bewildering horror. How long it was she knew not—it seemed to her very, very long—ere George, for it was he who made the rush and the plunge, was seen swimming to the shore, bearing with him a body, which appeared a lifeless weight on his supporting arm. Ellen followed his every movement with a fixed, wild stare—she saw him land, still clasping one arm around that body—then her Aunt Herbert met him, and helped him to carry it. Ellen had not seen her before, but she now remembered that echoing cry and knew that it had been hers. In all this time Ellen had uttered no sound—made no movement; but now Mrs. Herbert called her. Ellen drew near—near enough to see that still, pale face, with the bright eyes closed and the dripping hair hanging around it—to

see the clinched hand, in which a remnant yet remained of the worthless paper for which she had done this. Ellen covered her face with her hands and shuddered. "Ellen," said Mrs. Herbert, and her voice was gentle as ever, though melancholy and full of pity, "he may live yet ; at least let us not think of ourselves till we have done all we can for him. Run, Ellen, to Mr. Smith's—send him for the doctor—quick quick, Ellen—then home—have a fire made—blankets got ready—send the first person you meet to help George and me in bearing—God grant," she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting herself and letting her head drop for a moment on the cold face which rested on her bosom, "God grant we may not be bearing the dead!"

Ellen flew rather than ran to Mr. Smith's, repeating to herself on the way the words which had put new life into her, "He may live—he may live." On the way she met a labourer, whom she sent forward to join her aunt and George. Her message to Mr. Smith delivered, she waited not to answer one of the many questions urged

upon her, but rushing back, passed the sad, slow procession about half way, and had the fire made, the bed and blankets prepared, before they arrived.

Under Mrs. Herbert's direction all the usual restoratives for persons rescued from drowning were resorted to, and even before the physician who had been sent for appeared, some warmth was restored to the limbs, and a faint tinge of colour to the cheeks. Oh the joy of that first hope of success—the yet greater joy, when those lips, which they had feared were sealed for ever, unclosed, and a feeble voice proceeded from them murmuring “Mother.”

“He is safe enough now,” said the physician. Up to this moment Ellen had not made a sound expressive of her feelings. Now, however, as the physician's welcome words reached her ear, she clasped her hands together, uttered one cry, and would have fallen, had not George caught her. She was taken to her own apartment, and the doctor having given her a composing draught, ordered her to be put immediately to bed. Notwithstanding this, fever came

on, and before morning Mrs. Herbert was called from her now quietly sleeping boy to the delirious Ellen. Ellen's constant cry during this delirium was, "I have killed him—I have killed him," repeated in every variety of tone, now low and plaintive, now wild and phrensied. At length, towards morning, she fell asleep.

When Ellen awoke she found her aunt beside her, and gazed for a moment at her, with some wildness in her countenance, but as Mrs. Herbert smiled upon her, this expression passed away, and putting out her hand to her, she said, "Aunt Herbert, I have had such a dreadful dream. I dreamed that I killed Charles. It is not true," she exclaimed quickly, "is it?" and Ellen raised herself on her elbow, and looked searchingly into her aunt's face."

"No, my dear, he is almost well again."

"*Almost* well again," she repeated, and then was silent for some minutes, during which she lay with her eyes closed. At length tears began to steal down her cheeks, and in a low tremulous voice, Ellen said, I remember all now, and I know that if you

and George had not been walking that way just then, Charles would have been drowned and I should have killed him—have killed your child—my own dear cousin Charles. Aunt Herbert, do you not wish I had never come to you?"

"So far from it, dear Ellen, that the more proof I have of the strength of this evil in your nature, the more rejoiced I am that by coming to me you have given me the power of helping you to subdue it. You were the occasion of very bitter suffering to me yesterday, Ellen; and yet, now that God in His mercy has restored my child, I can be thankful even for this lesson to you, if it influence you as I hope it will."

Ellen remained quite still. Tears slowly trickled down her cheeks. She seemed softened, subdued, humbled.

Mrs. Herbert did not suffer Helen or Charles to rise on this day. When they met the next morning, nothing could be more touching than the humility with which Ellen entreated the forgiveness of Charles, and the generosity with which he declared that it was all his own fault, and that he never would tease her again.

CHAPTER XV.

A PLEASANT CONCLUSION.

ELLEN'S temper was no longer uncontrolled, and what has since passed of her life is in beautiful and delightful contrast with its earlier portion. I say her temper was no longer *uncontrolled*. Her nature was as sensitive as ever—as quick to feel joy or pain, pleasure or displeasure; but Ellen had learned to rule these feelings, and not to be ruled by them.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating one or two scenes which may illustrate the effect of this change upon the happiness of Ellen's future life.

It was a bright but cool day, and a cheerful fire blazed in the open fireplace of Mrs. Herbert's parlour. Around it were seated all her own family, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who were spending the day with her. Mrs. Wallace had brought her knitting; Mrs. Herbert was sewing on a shirt, and on Ellen's lap lay a half-stitched wristband, which had just been put down at the

request of Charles, that she might sew a ball for him. Mr. Wallace loved children, and was very observant of them. For some minutes he had silently watched Ellen, interested by the patience with which she had listened to the manifold directions of both her cousins, and once, when her work seemed nearly completed, had taken it all out to make some alterations which had occurred to George as desirable. As she gave Charles the ball Mr. Wallace said, "Ellen, do you remember at what time you came here."

"Yes sir: in May last."

"But what time in May?"

"I do not know what day of the month, sir," said Ellen, looking up with some surprise at her friend.

"It was the tenth of May," said Mr. Wallace; "and now do you know what day of the month this is?"

"The tenth of November, sir, I believe."

"You are right, it is the tenth, and your six months of trial are finished. I shall be obliged to return to H—— in a week or two, and if you desire to return,

we can again be fellow-travellers. What say you to it, Ellen?"

Ellen glanced rapidly at her Aunt Herbert, and meeting her eyes fixed on her earnestly, tenderly, turned hers as quickly to the floor. She was silent, but her cheek, now red, now pale, and the quivering motion of her lips, showed her agitation.

"Speak, my love," said Mrs. Herbert, laying her hand on Ellen's, "speak just as you feel. You have a perfect right to choose your home, and whatever the choice may be, none can complain."

Ellen opened her lips more than once as if to speak, but seemed unable to utter a word. Suddenly she turned again to her aunt, and passing her arms around her neck, hid her face upon her bosom. Mrs. Herbert folded her arms around her, and in a voice which in spite of herself faltered, asked, "Do you stay with us, Ellen?"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking up with a face on which there were both smiles and tears.

George seized her hand and shook it warmly, while Charles shouted for joy; and in the exuberance of his delight, threw

his ball first to the ceiling and then across the room, making it pass in its second transit so near Mrs. Wallace's head that the old lady started and dropped her knitting.

"And what shall I tell Mary, Ellen?" asked Mr. Wallace.

"That she must come to me, sir."

"I shall say that you have not forgotten her."

"Forgotten Mary!" exclaimed Ellen; "oh no—tell her I never thought so much of her goodness to me or loved her so dearly as I do now. Oh, how happy I shall be when she comes!—but I cannot leave Aunt Herbert," and Ellen again put her arm around her aunt's neck.

"You are my daughter now, and daughters you know, do not leave their mothers willingly even for their sisters," said Mrs. Herbert, with an affectionate smile.

Something more than a year had now elapsed since Mr. Villars' departure, and still his return was delayed. He now wrote that he hoped by the next spring to bring the business which had taken him there to a prosperous conclusion. But

though hopeful, he was not certain of success, and therefore was still unwilling that Mary should leave H. for her Aunt Herbert's, thus relinquishing the employment she had already received there, while, for the same reason, he rejoiced that Ellen was under the care of one so capable of giving to her a thoroughly accomplished education as was Mrs. Herbert.

Winter passed away ; spring again brought flowers and perfume and balmy airs to all—and to Ellen bright hopes. Mr. Villars had written lately more sanguinely than ever of his success ; at any rate, when he wrote last, in a week the lawsuit on which all depended would be decided. He would then return, and then Mary and Ellen would meet.

It was about three weeks after the reception of that letter from Mr. Villars to which we have alluded, that, returning from an afternoon's ramble with her cousin, Ellen, on entering the piazza, saw through the open parlour window a gentleman's head. Her heart beat quickly—it might be her Uncle Villars ; she

approached nearer the window, and looked anxiously in—there was a lady, but too tall for Mary, Ellen forgot that Mary was seventeen, and had had a year in which to grow, since she saw her. The lady turned her head—the next moment they were in each other's arms. "My own dear Mary!" "My darling Ellen!" were their only words—their feelings, who shall describe?

"And, Uncle Villars, you can live in your own house again, now, and have poor Mrs. Merrill back—can you not?" asked Ellen, after Mr. Villars had stated that he had gained the object of his journey.

"Yes, Ellen, for it is no longer necessary for me to be so careful about my expenditure, since you and Mary no longer want any assistance from me."

Ellen seemed lost in thought for a moment, then looking up with a merry smile, she said, "Uncle Villars, I have a puzzle that is more difficult than the fox and the geese, and nobody can help me with it but you and Aunt Herbert."

"Well, what is it, Ellen?"

"Why, how am I to stay with Aunt

Herbert and George and Charles, and yet go with you and Mary?—One thing is certain, I cannot part with any of you.”

“I have thought of this myself, Ellen, and I have a plan for the accomplishment of your wishes, if you can win your Aunt Herbert’s consent to it.”

“What is it?” exclaimed Ellen, eagerly.

“That she should remove to H., which was her own early home, and which offers much greater advantages for the education of her sons and their entrance into life, than their present situation.”

“That would be delightful,” said Ellen.

The day after this conversation, Mrs. Herbert was walking with Mr. Villars over to the Dairy Farm, as the residence of Farmer Smith was called. In passing the bridge she related to him the circumstances attending the fall and rescue of Charles—the great distress of Ellen, and the unremitting and successful efforts she had since made to overcome that evil nature which had so nearly produced such fatal consequences.

“I cannot express to you, Mr. Villars

how dear she has now become to me. To her cousins she is a patient, affectionate sister, to me a tender and devoted daughter; our home will long be darkened by her departure. How can I let her go from us—yet how can I ask you and her sister to give her up!”

Mrs. Herbert spoke with deep emotion, and Mr. Villars felt that there could not be a more fortunate moment for his proposal. When Mrs. Herbert first heard it, she shook her head, and looking around her said, “I cannot part with this place, Mr. Villars, it has too many endearing associations.”

“If by parting with it you mean selling it, there is no necessity for you doing so; let Mr. Smith, whom you know to be an honest man, continue to farm it as he now does: you can even spend part or the whole of every summer here, for travelling costs little now. The board which, as the guardian of Mary and Ellen, I should feel bound to pay you, would meet any difference in the expense of your establishment here and in H——; and the ad-

vantages which your care would ensure to them, I would endeavour to repay to your boys in the direction of their education and the advancement of their objects in life."

And Mrs. Herbert consented, and Ellen's puzzle was solved.

It was decided that Mrs. Herbert should remove in the following October. In the meantime Mary and Ellen would both remain with her, while Mr. Villars would return to H—— to make the necessary arrangements for her reception there. Mrs. Merrill had been delighted at being recalled as Mr. Villars' housekeeper; her happiness was complete when she learned that he was again to live alone. Mr. Villars took care, however, that Mrs. Herbert's house should be so near his own that no weather should prevent daily intercourse between her family and himself. In this house, when I next visited H——, I found my young friends established.

Ellen I soon discovered was a favourite with her young companions, and as welcome a guest at their gatherings, as her sister Mary. Calling at Mrs. Herbert's

one morning, I found Ellen and Mary dressed for a walk, which I insisted they should not give up on account of my visit; so, after chatting awhile with me, they went out. After they reached the door Ellen turned around, saying earnestly, "Remember, Uncle Villars."

"Yes, gipsy," said Mr. Villars playfully: "and do you remember that I mean to say no to your very next request just to prove that I have a will of my own."

Ellen did not seem much disturbed by this threat, for she laughed gayly as she closed the door.

"I suspect, sir," said I, "that it is difficult to tell which has most influence now, the sun or the wind," alluding to the names which he had formerly given the sisters.

"No—no," replied he, "the truth is, they are both suns now, and the consequence is, that they make me do just what they please."

